

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 55.—No. 18.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1877.

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5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 5, will be performed VERDI's Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Alfredo, Signor Fancelli; Giorgio Germont, Signor Del Puente; Gostone, Signor Rinaldini; Il Baron Duphol, Signor Fallai; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Franceschi; Un Medico, M. Gonnet; Giuseppe, Signor Balesini; Annina, Madle Robiati; Flora Bervoix, Madle Filomena; and Violetta Valery, Madme Christine Nilson (her first appearance this season). Director and Musical Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Next Week—Extra Night.

On MONDAY next, May 7, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Riccardo, Signor Fancelli; Renato, Signor Rota; Samuele, M. Gonnet; Tommaso, Signor Franceschi; Il Giudice, Signor Rinaldini; Silvana, Signor Fallai; Oscar, Madle Mila Rodani (her second appearance in that character); Ulrica, Madme Lablache; and Amelia, Madle Carolina Salla (her second appearance).

On TUESDAY next, May 8, BELLINI's tragic Opera, "NORMA." Pollione, Signor Fancelli; Oroveso, Signor Brocolini; Flavio, Signor Rinaldini; Adalgisa, Madle Alwina Valtieri; Cleofida, Madle Filomena; and Norma, Madle Tietgens (her second appearance this season).

The doors will open at Eight; the Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Stalls, 2s.; Dress Circle, 1s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d., Other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 6s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Boxes, stalls, and places may be obtained of Mr Bailey, at the Box-Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the portico of the Opera-house, Haymarket, which is open daily from Ten till Five. Tickets also at all the librarians and music-sellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR MANNS has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Directors, his ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY next, May 5, at Three. The programme will include:—Overture "Paradise and the Peri" (Bennett); Liebesleider Waltzes, Op. 65, the Second Set (Brahms), for vocal quartet and four-hand pianoforte accompaniment, first time; Pastoral Symphony, No. 6, in F (Beethoven); Humoresque for Orchestra, Don Quixote (Rubinstein). The following eminent artists have kindly offered their services: Vocalists—Miss Sophie Lowe, Miss Redeker (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Miss Enriquez, Mr Shakespeare, Mr Pyatt (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace), and Herr Henschel (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Pianoforte—Miss Anna Mehlig, Mr Walter Baché, Herr Anton Rubinstein has kindly consented to conduct his own composition. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., may now be booked.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTH TRIENNAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

FRIDAY, June 22, GRAND FULL REHEARSAL.

MONDAY, June 25, MESSIAH.

WEDNESDAY, June 27, SELECTION.

FRIDAY, June 29, ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Sets of Tickets for the Festival and Single Tickets may be had this day at the Crystal Palace and at Exeter Hall. Ticket Office open from Ten till Four.

Prices of Sets (including admission)—Central Area, Three Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas; Galleries, Two and a Half Guineas and Two Guineas; Single Stall tickets, 2s., One Guinea, and 1s.

RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL, WEDNESDAY Afternoon next, Three o'clock, ST JAMES'S HALL.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S EVENING RECITAL, MAY 14, at Eight o'clock.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.—RIVIERE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS. Last Concert but One, THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 5, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Antoinette Sterling, Misses Orr and Marie Stuart, Madme Ostmann-Goldberg, and Mr Barton McGuigan. The excellent Orchestra of the Royal Aquarium will be enlarged to Seventy Executants, and several soloists of Continental celebrity have been expressly engaged, including:—M. Damare, the celebrated Piccolo Player; M. Reine, Solo Oboe of the Frascati Concerts, Paris, and First Prize of the Conservatoire, Paris; M. Francois, Solo Violoncello of the Italian Opera, Paris; M. Chavannes, Solo Cornet of the Frascati Concerts, Paris, First Prize of the Conservatoire. The Choir of the Royal Aquarium will sing some New German songs, take part in Operatic Selections, &c. The Band of the Scots Guards, under the direction of Mr J. P. Clarke, will join the Orchestra in Grand Selections, Marches, &c. Conductor—M. RIVIERE. The Concert will be followed at 10.45 by the wonderful performance of Zazel fired from the cannon. Admission, One Shilling. Reserved Seats, 1s. and 2s. extra.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 5, will be performed "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Mesdames d'Anger, Marimon, Bianchi, Saar, Seach, Cottino, and Ghiootti; Signori Cotogli, Capponi, Bagagioli, Caracciolo (his first appearance in England), and Pavani. Conductor—Signor BEVIGLIANI.

Next Week there will be Five performances.

On MONDAY, May 7, "MARTHA." Mesdames Zar Thalberg and Seach; Signori Graziani, Chiampi, and M. Capoul.

On TUESDAY next, May 8, "I PURITANI." Mesdames Albani and Ghiootti; Signori Graziani, Bagagioli, and Signor Bevigliani.

On THURSDAY next, May 10, "LA FAVORITA."

On FRIDAY next, May 11, "DON GIOVANNI."

On SATURDAY next, May 12, "RIGOLETTO." Gilda, Madle Albani.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office under the portico of the theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

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Principal—Professor MACFARREN. Mus. Doc., Cantab.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at THIS INSTITUTION, in the New Concert-room, on SATURDAY Evening, the 12th inst., at Eight o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

Tickets (which may be purchased at the doors): Stalls, 5s.; and Balcony, 2s. 6d. each. By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, London.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.

THIRD SESSION, 1876-7. SIXTH MONTHLY MEETING, on MONDAY, May 7, 1877, at Five o'clock precisely. A Paper "On the Gymnastic Training of the Hand for performing on Keyed Instruments" will be read by STEPHEN S. STRATTON, Esq., of Birmingham. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec. 24, Sutherland Gardens, W.

SATURDAY NEXT.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

Conductors—Dr WYLDE and Mr GANZ. THIRD CONCERT, SATURDAY Afternoon, May 12, at Three o'clock. The programme will include: Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; Concerto for Violin (Max Bruch); Concertstück for Pianoforte (Weber); Overture "Am Strand" (Radecke); March Héroïque (Schubert). Pianoforte—Madle Louis Cognetti. Violin—Madle Marguerite Pommereuil. Vocalist—Signor Adolfo. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony (front row), 7s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at Austin's, Chappell's, and at the Ticket Office, St George's Hall.

FRIDAY NEXT.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—THIRD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, FRIDAY Evening next, May 11, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. ENGLISH MUSIC. Madme Sherrington, Madme Patey, Miss Stringer, Mr Holling and Mr Santley. Flute Solo—Mr James Matthews. Conductor—Mr HENRY LESLIE. Tickets, 7s., 3s., 2s., and One Shilling; at Austin's Office, and all Libraries and Music Publishers.

THURSDAY NEXT.

MR J. B. WELCH'S CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY Evening next, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Anna Williams, Miss Kathleen Grant, Mrs Bradshawe McKay, and Miss Boilingbroke; Mr W. Shakespeare, Mr David Strong, Mr E. Wharton, and Mr Santley. Pianoforte—Mr Franklin Taylor. Accompanists—Mr Alberto Visetti, Mr Wilfred Bendall, and Mr J. B. Zerbini. Harmonium—Mr J. W. Elliott. Conductor—Mr J. B. WELCH. The programme will include: Mendelssohn's Hymn for Contralto Solo and Chorus; Schumann's "Requiem," Op. 138; and Two-Part Songs by Brahms. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets at the usual Music-sellers, and at Austin's, St James's Hall.



## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

With the first appearance of Mdlle Albani the opera season at Covent Garden begins in earnest. True, we have had the *début* of a new tenor, who, received with high favour from the commencement, has with each successive character advanced in public estimation, and is deservedly regarded as an acquisition of more than common value. Nevertheless, for many years past the coming of an admired *prima donna* has been the event looked forward to most eagerly; and the progress of Mdlle Albani since (in April, 1872) she was introduced to us as the much-talked of "young Canadian," has been so noticeable that she may now justly claim to rank among the foremost operatic singers of our time. Her Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, even on that occasion, revealed a natural aptitude which, by aid of scrupulous application and well-directed study, has enabled her to become an accomplished mistress. The popularity she enjoys is, after all, due chiefly to her own exertions; for though possessed of exceptional means, gifted with a voice of rare beauty, with true dramatic instinct, and an engaging demeanour at once enlisting sympathy, had she not regarded her calling from an earnest point of view, striving diligently to approach nearer and nearer to the goal which should be the aim of every aspiring artist, she could never have attained to the high position she holds by general consent. Mdlle Albani, who has been recently in Paris, is not the first operatic singer (Alboni and Adelina Patti to wit), who, after reaping laurels in "unmusical England," has won immediate acceptance from the city which arrogates to itself the right of putting the seal upon artistic fame. Her enthusiastic reception by the amateurs of the French capital will not astonish those who have watched her progress with interest here, and who received her on Saturday night with a welcome which season after season has been more and more cordial. The opera selected for Mdlle Albani's first appearance was *I Puritani*. No more exquisite impersonation of Bellini's heroine, invested with more gentle and feminine charm, has been witnessed of recent years. We may pass over the famous polacca, "Son virgin vezosa" (encored), with other incidents of the first act, and point to that scene in the second, where the touching apostrophe of the temporarily deranged Elvira to her absent lover is wedded to one of the most tuneful strains of Bellini—sweetest of sweet singers, if not profoundest of musicians. In "Qui la voce sua soave" Mdlle Albani showed herself not less thoroughly an adept in the delivery of expressive *cantabile* than in the subsequent *cabaletta*, "Vien dilettà," she exhibited her perfect command of the florid *bravura* style. The latter—a prevalent fault of Bellini's—is as much out of keeping as its precursor is in strict conformity with the verbal text and the sentiment intended to be conveyed; but Mdlle Albani was at loss with neither. The unanimous and prolonged applause she obtained could not have been more worthily bestowed. In the last act, and the duet with Arturo, she was equally happy. Here, as elsewhere, she gave convincing signs of progress in the histrionic side of her vocation, proving herself an actress no less than a singer of high intelligence and feeling. In short, Mdlle Albani has returned to us an artist with little more to learn, and the recognition of her merits was too hearty and unanimous to leave a doubt as to the impression she had created. In the character of Arturo Signor Gayarre found ample opportunity for the exhibition of his best qualities. Mdlle Albani, indeed, could not easily have found a more congenial partner. In the duet to which we refer Signor Gayarre was all that could be wished, fairly dividing the applause with the heroine of the evening. Enough to add that the other leading parts were sustained by Signors Graziani (Riccardo) and Bagagiolo (Giorgio)—inseparably connected with the names of Tamburini and Lablache; and that the general performance, conducted by Signor Vianesi, was very effective.

The opera on Monday was *Les Huguenots*; the *Sonnambula*, with Mdlle Albani and M. Capoul was given on Tuesday; *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Sig. Gayarre as the Duke, on Thursday; and *Don Giovanni*—for the first appearance of Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, with M. Maurel as Don Giovanni—last night. *Die Zauberflöte*, with Mdlle Marimon as the Queen of Night, is announced for this evening.

TOULOUSE.—M. Faure opened at the Théâtre du Capitole with *Hamlet*. The receipts were 10,500 francs.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The opening of the new theatre in the Haymarket, which, although built as far back as 1860, professedly with a view to operatic performances, has remained untenanted until now, was naturally looked forward to with especial interest. That Mr Mapleson, who, since 1867, when the old theatre was burnt down, found a temporary home at Drury Lane, should be the leasee and manager of the new one was generally expected; and he could hardly have found more suitable accommodation. We may say at once, without entering into details for which we have not at present the requisite space, that Her Majesty's Theatre, as rebuilt from designs by Messrs Lee Brothers & Pain, carried out by Messrs Trollope & Strode, offers advantages not to be overestimated. It is barely a month since Mr. Mapleson came into possession of the house, and during that brief space of time, the furnishing, &c., having been confided to Messrs Maple, an empty interior has been entirely fitted up. The auditorium is more restricted than that of the theatre so well and pleasantly remembered by opera-goers; but, lighted up by a sunburner of large proportions, suspended from the roof as a chandelier, it presents a most cheerful aspect, to which the decorations of the boxes, &c.—of Italian Renaissance character—materially contribute. There are, to quote from the official prospectus, "four full tiers of boxes and one half-circle tier, the central portions of the two pair and one pair tiers respectively being thrown open as amphitheatre stalls and dress circle"—a manifest advantage to a considerable section of the public. There are also several rows of stalls in front of the gallery, and other conveniences of the kind. As doubtless, however, for some time hence, lovers of the opera will go out of mere curiosity to see and examine a new theatre constructed expressly for operatic purposes, further description would be superfluous. The public, after all, are best able to judge for themselves; and we need only add our conviction that they will not be disappointed. It is, at the same time, not out of place to make a passing allusion to two very important accessories. One of these is the widening and deepening of the stage, which greatly excels the old one in conveniences for spectacular display; the other being the admirable acoustic properties of the building, even surpassing those of the old theatre. We have here all the desirable resonance without an approach to excess—as favourable to the voices on one side the footlights as to the instruments on the other.

The opera selected for the opening of the new theatre on Saturday night was the time-honoured *Norma* of Bellini. Mdlle Tietjens, one of the main supports of Her Majesty's Theatre since, 19 years ago, when Mr Lumley was still director, she first won the admiration of our London public by her remarkable impersonation of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, was the erring Druid priestess; Signor Fancelli, a tenor in whom Mr Mapleson has long had good cause to rejoice, was Pollio, the still more greatly erring Roman; Mdlle Alwina Valleria took the part of the beguiled and innocent Adalgisa; Signor Rinaldini that of Flavio, the Proconsul's confidant; and Signor Brocolini, a new comer, that of Oroveso, the unrelentingly-bigoted High Priest. Thus the cast was more or less familiar; and as Mdlle Tietjens—which, under the circumstances, was only to be expected—brought all her well-known splendid energy to bear upon a character her dramatic and musical realisation of which, since the best days of Giulia Grisi, has been unrivalled, and as she was efficiently supported by Sig. Fancelli and the young and promising Mdlle Valleria, the performance of Bellini's tragic masterpiece, in so far as the leading singers were concerned, was beyond criticism. The reception awarded to Mdlle Tietjens was enthusiastic; and, at the conclusion of the famous "Casta Diva," the fine preliminary recitative to which—"Sedizievoi"—has seldom been so magnificently delivered, the applause was loud, unanimous, and prolonged. When the curtain fell, after the grand trio which terminates the first act, the three performers were recalled, amid general demonstrations of approval. And so the opera proceeded to the end, the well-known duet between Norma and Adalgisa producing its accustomed effect. The orchestra was irreproachable throughout. The performers, with M. Sainton as principal violin, were in all essential points the same as those to whom we have been accustomed since Sir Michael Costa accepted the post of "director of the music and conductor" in Mr Mapleson's company. That Sir Michael was welcomed with acclamation will be taken for granted. The opera,

as usual on such occasions, was preceded by the National Anthem; and at the conclusion the principal singers, the conductor, and Mr Mapleson himself were summoned before the curtain. A more promising commencement of a new enterprise could scarcely have been hoped for.

The opera on Tuesday was *Il Trovatore*, with a new Leonora, Mdlle Mathilde Nandori, and a new Manrico, Signor Millet Cabero. *Un Ballo in Maschera*—with a new Amalia, Mdlle Caroline Salla, and Mdlle Mila Rodani as Oscar was performed on Thursday. *La Traviata*—for the first appearance of Mdlme Christine Nilsson is announced for this evening. Among the promised novelties, by the way, is the *Armida*, of Glück, which will engage the attention of all amateurs of high-class music.

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The production of Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, together with the return of Mr Santley to the concert room, filled Exeter Hall to repletion on Friday night, and transformed the usually sedate oratorio audience into one lavish of applause and greedy for the encores which the conductor was prompt to concede. We have not the smallest disposition to quarrel with any popularity that has fallen to the lot of *Eli*. The work is its composer's best. The melodies are attractive, the voice parts admirably written to produce the best effect, the orchestration is showy, and the whole reveals the hand of an experienced operator. Recommended by qualities so obvious and easy to appreciate, *Eli* never appeals to the public in vain, while, as to the special favour it met with in Exeter Hall, any other result would have been a legitimate matter for surprise. The second attraction of the evening was not more difficult to understand. Mr Santley has a just claim upon regard, and the concert-going public naturally welcomed his return to them. We may now hope that he has ceased his pendulum-like swing from stage to platform. Beginning with the second, Mr Santley swayed to the first, then jumped from the English lyric drama to the Italian, then went back to the English, then moved over to the platform, then appeared again in English opera, and now is once more on the platform. Let us hope that at last he has found rest; but anywhere, no doubt, he is welcome. That he appeared to full advantage on Friday may hardly be said, inasmuch as the music does not perfectly suit him. The merits which so long ago made him a favourite were, however, sufficiently apparent, and won their old need of applause. Mdlme Lemmens-Sherington did full justice to the soprano solos, above all to the well-known bravura, "I will extol Thee, O Lord," the applause following which might have been taken as an encore. When we say that the contralto airs, including the Morning and Evening Prayers of Samuel, were entrusted to Mdlme Patey, it will be assumed that they left nothing to desire. All were rendered with great purity of taste and style, and the "Evening Prayer" had to be repeated. Mr. Rigby, to whom the trying war song now appertains in a special sense, made his usual success with it, sparing no effort to realise the composer's idea, and succeeding in a measure worthy of himself and it. That he was loudly applauded need not be said, nor that he declined to accept an encore for so exacting a task. As the man of God, Mr Lewis Thomas again did excellent service. The legitimate bass voice of this artist is always good to hear, and certainly no other could do an equal amount of justice to Sir Michael Costa's music in the part. Mr Carter appeared as second tenor. The choruses were all effectively performed, and the composer conducted with natural solicitude for the success of his work.—*Daily Telegraph*.

—o—

To F. C. Burnand, Esq.

SIR,—Square, for example, the subjoined:—



This, it is true, is hardly a circle—hardly, I may say, at the best. But what has it to do with the argument? Yours, Sir,  
*Circus Square.*

Stephen Round.

#### SIMS REEVES AT LIVERPOOL.

An overflowing audience attended the Philharmonic Hall last evening to assist at a popular concert, given under the auspices of the enterprising Nottingham entrepreneur, Mr W. Pyatt. The appearance of the great English tenor, Mr Sims Reeves, created the usual enthusiasm, his singing being characterised by all those fine qualities which make him pre-eminent amongst living vocalists. His voice was as pure and fresh as ever, whilst his rendering of "Total Eclipse," from Handel's *Samson*, and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling," again proved how far a perfect artist can instil pathos and dramatic feeling into music without overstepping the boundary line. His other contribution, a new song by J. L. Roeckel, "I cannot say good-bye," is simple and pretty. As a matter of course, the customary recalls ensued after each song, but the singer firmly resisted "encores," the audience considerably acquiescing in the decision. The other vocalists—Signor Foli, Miss Larkcom, and Miss Helen D'Alton—all followed this example, though their share of applause was commensurate with that accorded to Mr Reeves. Agreeable diversity was given to the programme through instrumental selections by Mr H. Nicholson on the flute, and Mr J. L. Roeckel on the pianoforte, the latter officiating ably as accompanist. Our talented townsman, Mr James J. Monk, was also associated with the scheme, playing the harmonium accompaniment to a song by Sullivan.—*Liverpool Daily Courier*, April 25.

#### SIMS REEVES AT MANCHESTER.

There was no disappointment in store for the admirers of Mr Sims Reeves on Thursday evening. There was a very large audience, and if the reception of the first of English tenors proved that he is as popular as ever, his splendid singing afforded gratifying evidence that there is no diminution of his unrivalled vocal skill. The least impressive and most experienced amateurs are always conscious of a sense of freshness whenever they hear Sims Reeves; the sympathetic quality of his fine voice is only one element of the charm; and, notwithstanding the gifts and accomplishments of other tenors, he is still without a compeer. We do not profess to be content with the only opportunity we have now of hearing him. The tragedian who can play Edgardo as he does, the artist whose delivery of the grand airs of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, renders him the prince of oratorio singers, ought to have a more appropriate sphere of display than that of a ballad concert. But it may be truly said that ballad concerts have never spoiled Sims Reeves. If he could not gratify an audience by legitimate means, he would prefer dispensing with their admiration. Anything he thinks worth singing he considers worth study; and though in such songs as "Tom Bowling" the art is concealed and the song given with perfect simplicity, those who listen with observant ears have no difficulty in understanding that the wonderful pathos, the vivid sympathy, and the ability to make every note tell, are the result of no ordinary preparation. Mr Reeves was only set down for three songs on Thursday, and with the exception of a new ballad by Roeckel, all, including the encore, were old friends. It is needless to tell his Manchester admirers how Sims Reeves sings "Total Eclipse," "Tom Bowling," and "My pretty Jane." Memory, indeed, to those who have heard him is always a better recorder than description; yet it should not be forgotten that he is too much of an artist to be content with mere repetition, and, though the least eccentric of singers, he often varies the reading even of a simple ballad. It is long since Mr Reeves has been in finer voice.—*Manchester Examiner*, April 28.

#### ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

*Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.*

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 5th:—

Organ Concerto, in A major ...	... . . . .	Handel.
Quartet, "Sancta Mater" ( <i>Stabat Mater</i> ) ...	... . . . .	Rossini.
{ Andante Cantabile, in A minor ...	... . . . .	H. Smart.
{ Fugue, in D major ...	... . . . .	G. E. Eberlin.
Marche Religieuse ...	... . . . .	L. Niedermeyer.
Andante, in F minor ...	... . . . .	E. Silas.
Overture founded on the Austrian Hymn ...	... . . . .	C. Haslinger.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 5th:—

Overture, <i>The Ruler of the Spirits</i> ...	... . . . .	Weber.
Serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining" ...	... . . . .	Moliere.
Organ Sonata, No. 1, in F minor ...	... . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Larghetto, from the Second Symphony ...	... . . . .	Beethoven.
Concert Fantasia on an Air by Rode ...	... . . . .	W. T. Best.
Finale—Allegro vivace ...	... . . . .	G. Morandi.

## M. RUBINSTEIN'S RECITALS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Although St James's Hall was not so crowded as on some occasions during the recitals of last year, a very large audience assembled on Monday afternoon, when M. Rubinstein gave the first of a new series. His programme contained, as usual, a great number of varied works, and was distinguished by not a few interesting features. Nevertheless, we must point out where it lay open to improvement, doing so not in a spirit of censure but rather that the merit and value of these remarkable performances might be enhanced. In the first place, we can see neither the necessity nor the propriety of introducing pianoforte arrangements of orchestral works like Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and his march in the *Ruins of Athens*. It is true that Liszt and Thalberg did the same in this country, but no number of wrongs can make a right, and M. Rubinstein would better distinguish himself by avoiding than by following a bad example. It is not as though the pianoforte repertory were limited, or deficient in means for the display of any form of virtuosity. The contrary is the fact. Were it otherwise, some excuse might be found for adapting orchestral works; not being otherwise, pianists are expected to observe the obvious rule, that every composition laid before the public should be heard under the conditions intended by the author. Transcriptions and arrangements have their uses, no doubt, but they belong to the private student—not the public performer. In the second place, while saying nothing against the performance *per se* of last Monday, we should like to call M. Rubinstein's attention to the fact that amateurs would have esteemed it more had it contained at least one sonata of acknowledged classical rank. The great Russian pianist could not lay music-lovers under a heavier obligation than by introducing such things into his scheme. How much of interest, for example, would be aroused among connoisseurs were it announced that M. Rubinstein would play Beethoven's Op. 106! So with a score of other works that might be named. Nocturnes, polonaises, and gigue are all very well in their way, and there can be no doubt that they serve M. Rubinstein's purpose to a great extent, but they do not afford the highest manifestation of his powers, nor do they confer the utmost possible pleasure on a numerous class of his patrons.

Last year we had occasion to point out that there are, from a musical point of view, two M. Rubinstines. They were both in great force on Monday afternoon—the one all gentleness and grace, all attraction and loveliness; the other stormy, passionate, and magnificent, but terrifying. Thus the artist's single personality had a double aspect, like some towering mountain, which one day looks the picture of innocence in its robe of virgin white, and on the morrow savagely frowns between the rifts of thunder-clouds. But, whether in calm or storm, it is something to be a mountain that, according to Mrs Browning, is ever holding out its hands to drag us up from the "vile flats" of common life. M. Rubinstein—there can be no doubt about it—does entice us from the "vile flats," partly by appeals to our love of the beautiful, partly by playing upon our sense of the astonishing. He takes the one course, we verily believe, because he is an artist *au fond*, and he follows the other because nature has combined with his magnificent executive power a temperament that, under the stimulus of music, carries him past the bounds dividing legitimate from illegitimate passion. Could we have the delicacy, the refinement, the wealth of feeling shown by this artist in his gentle mood, without the tendency to exaggeration when he is roused? Is not the one as due as the other to an extremely susceptible nature? Indeed, this may be so, but the question belongs more to the domain of psychology than to musical criticism. Enough that we actually witness in M. Rubinstein the capacity of a two-fold manifestation, each phase as opposite in character and as contrary in effect to the other as can be imagined. We shall not be expected to say that both are equally valuable. M. Rubinstein in the highest development of his *strum-und-drang* mood is a moving sight, which raises us to the utmost pitch of marvel, and then, we are bound to add, leaves us to descend no richer, artistically speaking, than when we went up. Wonder is the parent of adoration, and by it, no doubt, crowds are brought within the influence of M. Rubinstein's true art. So far, that which is not so true works well; and, so far, significance attaches to his performance of music like Liszt's transcription of the "Erl King," the Polonaise by Chopin which was so conspicuous a feature in last year's programme, and M. Rubinstein's own Study in arpeggios. These were played on Monday to the undisguised astonishment of the audience, who will probably attend the next recital and hear, then, as at the first, much of a nature better adapted to do them good. But we are glad to say the major part of the programme showed M. Rubinstein in his best aspect, and it is upon this we prefer to dwell. Nothing could be finer than his execution of a gigue and air with variations by Handel. In some of the latter, it

is true, the artist was slightly carried away, and made a use of the loud pedal more liberal than discreet; but otherwise the playing was that of one who combines with perfect executive power a true perception of character and style. The same remark applies even more strongly to his performance of two nocturnes by Field and Chopin respectively, and a remarkably pretty barcarolle by Liszt. Here M. Rubinstein became the poet who is always needed when poetry has to be interpreted. The pianoforte, that just before exhibited a triumph of mere mechanism, seemed to possess a human soul—did, in fact, possess it, through the magic influence of the performer. We seemed to hear the murmuring of the artist's thoughts, "And more of voice than of that other music that grows around the strings of quivering lutes." So was it ever when M. Rubinstein had to deal with the gentle and tender phases of his art. He brought to all the simplicity of a little child united to the address of an accomplished musician. In this respect the Schumann selection—"Warum," "Vogel als Prophet," "Abends," "Traumes Wirren," and "Etudes Symphoniques"—was particularly interesting, while a "Melodie" and "Barcarolle," from M. Rubinstein's own pen, completed a group of works not less noticeable in themselves than on account of the interpretation they received. It would be superfluous to speak at length of the enthusiasm M. Rubinstein's performance excited. That may be imagined without difficulty by all who know how completely, no matter in what mood, he absorbs the attention of an audience.

—o—

## STERNDALE BENNETT'S EIGHT-PART MOTET.

(From the "Musical Times.")

Next came a motet for eight voices and organ, "In Thee, O Lord," the work of Sir Sterndale Bennett, as yet unpublished, and performed on this occasion for the first time. The composer originally intended this as the opening portion of an anthem in four movements, only two of which he completed, although the MS. of the first bears date 1856. Alas! that the exercise of such great talent as was Bennett's should have been restricted by dilatoriness, fastidiousness, or any other cause. Arguing from this movement alone, which we do not hesitate to describe as one of the most beautiful in the whole range of Church music, the loss to art is enormous, and like the premature death of a Purcell, a Mozart, or a Schubert, must be a source of unending regret. In the work under notice Bennett happily solved the problem of uniting to the contrapuntal style, which has always been recognised as in keeping with the dignity of sacred music, the grace of manner and warmth of expression demanded by modern taste. It is not likely that the freedom permitted to Italian and French composers when writing for the Church will ever be conceded by our more staid and sober notions of what is fitting. On the other hand, the mere contrapuntal exercise, without sentiment or necessary connection with its verbal text, has become distasteful, and we require the happy mean between the two. So far Bennett's work is a model that cannot be too closely followed. Its part writing is that of a scholar, clear, flowing, and correct; but in every passage, and above all towards the close, where the prayer, "Incline Thine ear and save me," becomes intense, the emotions are addressed as well as the intellect, and the effect is therefore complete. The motet was received with great favour, a portion of the audience persisting in a demand for its repetition, which, however, Mr Goldschmidt, exercising a wise discretion, did not think proper to grant.

MAGDEBURG.—Taubert's *Macbeth* has been performed at the new Stadttheater.

WEIMAR.—*Béatrice et Bénédict*, by Hector Berlioz, was recently performed at the Grand-Ducal Theatre.

DÜSSELDORF.—Mdlle Marianne Brandt, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, appeared recently with great success at the Stadttheater.

MARSEILLES.—M. Faure has been singing here with great success. He was announced for two performances and gave seven. At his last appearance, the stage was covered with wreaths, bouquets, and gold and silver palm-branches. On leaving the theatre, he was escorted to his hotel by an enthusiastic crowd. Previously to starting for Toulouse, he left with the Mayor 2,000 francs for the poor and operatives out of work, with 1,000 for the choristers of the Grand-Théâtre.—The Municipal Council have voted an annual grant of 245,000 francs to the Grand-Théâtre.

(From "Punch.")

## Diary of my ride to Khiva.

(CONTINUED.)

(Forwarded to us through a Friend by Private Wire.\*)

*The day after the one last mentioned.*—Met sixteen wolves to-day all wrapped up in sheep's clothing to keep themselves warm. Tried Mr Gladstone's name on them with excellent effect. Haven't seen them again. Pig getting very clever. Met a fair Circassian coming home. She was quite the Circassian *crème de la crème*. In fact, as I said to her, "You're so much the cream as to be quite the cheese!" She blushed and replied, "O son of thrice noble parents"—they are uncommonly polite these Circassians—"O well-fed and much-caressed one"—she must have meant the Pig, not me—"O funny little fat father"—she must have been thinking of some one else when she said this—"I am afraid that your words are chaffinski"—(a Circassian expression for not meaning what you say)—but I assured her she was mistaken. "O beautiful one! O unhappy one!" I replied—my memory furnishing me with appropriate expressions from the translations of the Italian *libretti* to which we are accustomed at the Opera—"how strangely thou art mistaken! Ah Heaven! my divine enchantress (*divina incantatrice*), my words are the voice of truth!" Then I spread out the Alphabet before her, and the Pig grunted at each letter which made up her lover's name. She parted with two roubles, and left us much pleased with the entertainment.

*Wednesday.*—Came up to Fort Number One. Found General Kauffmann here taking care of Number One. Gave Kauffmann some lozenges for his voice. "Kauff, man, no more," said I pleasantly, and he went into fits. I asked him if we should be stopped before we got to Khiva. He answered with considerable caution, and put his finger to his nose. The last thing I saw of the old General was his left eye, as he winked at us through a loophole in Fort Number One. Thermometer going down to twenty degrees below nothing. Never was so cold. I have a warm sack with a hot-air apparatus in which I live the greater part of the day, and ride side-saddleways like a lady. As in this climate one dare not show one's eyes, or nose, or hands, I have ingeniously contrived holes through which the reins pass, and so I manage to guide my animal. If this cold increases I must do in Russian Tartary as the Russian Tartars do, and, when riding, get inside and pull the blinds down. But I'm a Cosmopolitan, and can live anywhere. I find the piano a great comfort; it affords considerable amusement by day, and forms an admirable sleeping-place at night. This evening played two games of Double Dummy with the Pig. He won the last rubber. If he repeats this I shall watch his play closely. The Sleigh-driver backed the Pig. I begin to suspect collusion. How will this end?

*Day after.*—Came across a Vodki, which is a sort of Russian Punch-show, only without Toby. It was being carried by its spirited proprietors, who complained bitterly of the decay of the drama. The Vodki-man admired the Pig and made an offer. Refused it, but played the Vodki-man at *écarté*, with which he was not previously acquainted—at least, so he said; but, for a novice, I never saw a man cut the king so often. Fortunately, as I explained to him after he had won a dozen games, we were only playing for amusement, not for money, or I should have lost considerably. Row with the Vodki-man. Appeal to Sleigh-driver. Sleigh-driver sided with Vodki. I offered him an I.O.U. They both said that in the middle of a snow desert this is of no use to them. Obliged to pay in roubles. Vodki-man wished me to bear no malice, and offered me a glass of native *wicksi*. Not liking to offend him, took it.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Next Morning.*—Everything disappeared, and everybody—Vodki-man, Sleigh-driver, Piano, and Pig. All gone. I am alone in the Great Snow Desert—houseless, friendless, unprotected. Policeman only makes his rounds here once in three months, and then finds it dull, as there are no area railings, cooks, or cold mutton within fifty miles. Please send me a cheque at once (by Private Wire), or I shall not be able to get on to Khiva, not even on foot.

You wouldn't like to hear of Your Representative perishing of cold and starvation in the Great Snow Desert. The British Government would take up the subject warmly; but the subject would be precious cold before the British Government stirred itself; and even then two or three years might elapse before an Honourable Member would call for the papers relating to the mysterious disappearance of a British subject somewhere in the snow, between

\* To prevent mistakes, we think it as well to state that the "Private Wire" in question is *not* a soldier—at least, we suppose not. We merely print the words as written at the head of the MS. left at our office by one of our Representative's many friends.

St Petersburg and Khiva, to be laid before the House. Send the cheque *per* my friend. Do not delay. If you've any misgiving, just look up the people whose names are down on my Subscription List, and who haven't paid up. If my hands are not too frozen to write or to wire, I will send you my diary, as usual. But should the wolves get hungry \* \* \* \*

*Next Day (Diary continued by Private Wire.)*—Luckiest chance in the world! Found a *mhoka* (a Tartar donkey) and a boy going to Khiva. Boy says he knows the way. No saddle or bridle. Only a *Jöde* (a small sum equal to about fourpence of our money) by the hour. Away! upon my bare-backed steed.

*Day After.*—Hooray! (This, again, is by Private Wire.) The Pig has come back safe and sound. He had a squeak for his life. The Vodki-man had religious objections to eating him, and the Pig fortunately getting hold of the letters of the Alphabet which he carries with him round his neck, spelt out the words, "I'm a Christian."

The Vodki-man instantly released him, as, being a Turk, and not a Tartar, he never tortures Christians. In fact, they never do out here. That's all a mistake. The Pig is as happy as possible, and has already made great friends with the Donkey and the Boy.

1 p.m.—Luncheon time. At this point I came on Captain Burnaby's track. He has left his footprint in the snow. I telegraph over this news at once, as I know the publishers are all rushing *en masse* to buy his works, and I want to know what they will give for one of his foot-prints? The print is a proof—of his having been here; and I'll swear to it—for a consideration. My friend at the livery stables will receive tenders, and forward them to yours truly by Private Wire. On we go again to Khiva.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEW THEATRE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

At length the erstwhile familiar heading re-appears in print, and one rejoices to read it if only for the sake of splendid traditions and agreeable associations. Sentiment is so unfashionable in these days that probably opera-goers would be ashamed to confess how pleased they are to see the building, which can still be called "the old house in the Haymarket," open its doors once again. But they may not object to our confessing for them; and we have not the smallest hesitation in assuming the task. All of us who care one jot for the lyric drama were gratified by the event of last Saturday night, and that for two reasons. First, because Mr Mapleson, whose valuable services to art during his former occupancy of the historic building should never be forgotten, has returned "home" after figuratively dwelling in tents for a decade. Secondly, because, though no material benefit may arise from it, the continuance of such an illustrious career as that of Her Majesty's Theatre is in accord with one's instinctive notion of the fitness of things. Her Majesty's Theatre deserted and decaying was a pain and a reproach, but open and full of life it is another link binding the present to a great past. The place opened well on Saturday evening. Everything was in order, as though preparation had gone on for months. Yet, in point of fact, everything had been done since the British workman condescended to resume his labours after recovering from Easter holiday fatigues, and too much cannot be said in praise of the foresight and energy which alone made the actual result possible. Mr Mapleson, with whom should here be associated the Messrs Maple, has simply done wonders in the brief time allowed. But it is not alone the quantity of work achieved that demands acknowledgment, as all will admit who admired the *coup d'œil* presented by the house. Though not imposing from its size, the proportions and contour of the interior are pleasing, and there is a "cosiness" about the place suggestive of that which distinguished its predecessor. The decorations, moreover, without being overdone, are rich and tasteful. To these permanent features Mr Mapleson has added others in strict keeping. The crimson stalls and box linings, relieved as regards the "circles" by the blue upholstery of the chairs, present a brilliant contrast with the traditional amber satin curtains, and the effect of the whole could not possibly be more cheerful or more grateful to the eye. Mr Mapleson "at home," therefore, is Mr Mapleson in a place fit to receive his guests, and where it is easy for them to take their pleasure, not with the sadness engendered by a Drury Lane encampment, but comfortably, as easy-going English people should.

## MUSIC AT NEW YORK.

A series of performances of Richard Wagner's operas came to a climax the other night with a representation, at the New York Academy of Music, of the *Walküre*, the second part of the Bayreuth tetralogy, for the first time outside Germany. It was not well done, but it was received with the greatest delight, and the crowded audience kept their places, patient and curious, from a quarter before eight until midnight. *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* have been given by the same company, and all with equal inefficiency on the stage, but equal enthusiasm in the auditorium. The Operahouse, which is about as large as Covent Garden, has been filled to overflowing every night, and in Boston and Brooklyn also Wagner has been the sensation of the spring. Considering the character of the performances, this is certainly a remarkable proof of the composer's popularity. There is only one singer in the *troupe* whose abilities are even respectable, that is the chief soprano, Madame Pappenheim, a German artist who was brought here two years ago from Hamburg to support the tenor, Wachtel, and who has developed decided ability in the personation of Wagner's heroines, her Brünnhilde especially displaying some qualities of greatness. For the rest, we have had a fearful and wonderful gathering of dilapidated Germans—voiceless Lohengrins, shapeless Venususes, puny Siegmunds, and absurd Valkyries. Our one selection from *The Ring of the Nibelungs* was given with the meagrest *mise-en-scène*, and an utter neglect of those peculiarities of stage setting, management of light and shadow, and care for minute detail, which added so much to the effect of the representation at Bayreuth. The acting was generally bad, the orchestra too weak in the strings to give proper expression to the significant instrumental score. Wotan's Spear-Maidens were the cause of no little hilarity, and Brünnhilde led upon the scene a poor old white horse, with a pink eye, who stood yawning at the conductor until he got the house into convulsions of laughter, when he was prematurely shuffled out of sight and sent to bed. Yet, in spite of deficiencies, this faint shadow of Wagner's *Walküre* made a deeper impression than any musical work produced at New York since Nilsson and Campanini appeared in *Lohengrin*. It is the only one of the four Nibelung operas which does not absolutely exact scenic contrivances beyond the resources of an ordinary theatre, and we may expect it now to take its place in the American repertory.

While Wotan and Brünnhilde were discoursing at the Academy of Music, Mr Strakosch was entertaining two or three thousand people at Steinway Hall with a Telephone concert, at which the audience and the performer were placed about ninety miles apart. There are two Telephones, the speaking instrument invented by Professor Bell, which receives the vibrations on a parchment drum, armed with a piece of metal placed close to the poles of the electromagnet, transmitting them through the wire to a metallic receiving cup, furnished with a vibrating lid of thin metal, and the musical Telephone, invented by Professor Elisha Gray, operating by means of tuning-forks, and transmitting two qualities of musical sound, namely, pitch and intensity, but not character. It was the Gray Telephone employed in this instance. The receiver consists of a series of reeds enclosed in wooden sounding-boxes, one for each of the sixteen notes in the compass of the instrument. The boxes, which might be considered as so many organ pipes, varying in length from two feet to six inches, are connected by wooden bars, one armed with a magnet, to which telegraph wires are attached. At the other end of the wire are tuning-forks, corresponding in pitch to the reeds of the receiver. The forks are connected with keys like those of a piano, and when a key is depressed an electric current is made to pass through the corresponding tuning fork, and over the wire, to the receiver. The sounding boxes last night were placed on a closed pianoforte, for the purpose of increasing the resonance. The performer sat in the telegraph office, at Philadelphia, and the wire, after passing across ninety miles of land, along the beds of three rivers, and through the chief office of the company in New York, was brought into Steinway Hall, attached to an ordinary sending instrument at the side of the stage, and thence carried to the Telephone. After Professor Gray had described his invention, a signal was sent to Philadelphia, and the first notes of "Home, sweet home" came floating on the air. The sound was like that of a distant organ, rather faint, for hard storm being in progress, there was a great "leakage" of the electric current. The lower notes were the best, the higher sometimes almost inaudible. "The last rose of Summer," "Com' è gentil," and other melodies followed. There was no attempt at chords, but two or three notes, I believe, can be sounded together. A crowd of curious



spectators assembled in the Philadelphia telegraph office to watch the performer, but the vibrations at that end were scarcely audible. Though, it must be confessed, the predictions of Mr Strakosch as to the future of this instrument seem rather exaggerated, and we are not likely as yet to lay on our music from a central reservoir as we lay on gas and water, the experiment was certainly curious. The speaking Telephone seems to be more practical.

An unpublished "Symphonic Poem," by Franz Liszt, just presented to the New York Philharmonic Society, has received its first interpretation at a recent concert. Twenty-eight years ago Liszt was invited to write an overture to Goethe's *Tasso*, for the Festival at Weimar. The result was his *Tasso—Lament and Triumph*. Liszt found his inspiration in the poetry of Byron, and a melancholy song of Venetian gondoliers, chanting the first lines of the "Jerusalem Delivered." Nearly a quarter of a century afterwards he produced a second *Tasso*, the work he has sent to New York—*Le Triomphe funèbre du Tasse*. This was written about five years ago. Its principal theme occurs as in the earlier *Tasso*. The two Symphonic Poems were played together, and the new one suffered in the contrast.

About music generally this year there is little to be said. Nothing prospers except that of "the Future" and that of the distant—Wagner and the telephone. Madame Essipoff has had a most unfortunate tour. Mademoiselle Belocca has dropped out of sight. M. Strakosch's vision of a new operahouse has been dispelled; and the large Academy of Music, occupied only now and again by some wandering troupe, waits for a manager with enterprise enough to bring a good company.

D. N.

## RUBINSTEIN.

(From "Mayfair.")

"Les Allemands ne savent pas finir" is Madame de Staél's well-known saying. Anton Rubinstein, although not a German by birth, has evidently learned from his adopted countrymen. If he knew where to leave off, his compositions would gain in value and attractiveness what they had lost in size. Unfortunately, like Tennyson's brook, he likes to go on for ever. It ought, however, in justice to be added that to the Rubinstein Concert at the Crystal Palace men did come in amazing crowds, and that they did not go till the last waves of the musical tide had flowed past. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of the advisability of devoting a whole concert to Rubinstein's works, the directors have their piles of half-crowns to fall back upon, and to that *argumentum ad hominem* any possible artistic scruples on the part of shareholders will easily yield. In the opinion of other people, however, not thus materially influenced, the Rubinstein Concert can hardly be regarded otherwise than as an hazardous experiment ventured upon for no particular reason, and with little chance of substantial gain—to art, at least. Not that we wish to deny the right of speech to so gifted and, in many respects, remarkable a composer as Herr Rubinstein undoubtedly is; but the matter assumes very different aspect if this right is to be exercised uninterruptedly for the better part of three hours. It is like a very clever talker engrossing the conversation during a whole evening. And, moreover, Rubinstein belongs, to continue the parallel, to those tantalizing conversationalists who, at the most exciting point of the story, lose the thread, and branch off into heterogeneous details. Rubinstein's compositions frequently begin with a splendid burst of enthusiasm. He deals with his first theme boldly and broadly, and sometimes his *verve* carries him safely to the second; but when it comes to the working out of these materials he loses his control, and flies off at a tangent, into a labyrinth of fragmentary combinations, more or less loosely connected with the subject in point. The treatment of the orchestra, and melodious power displayed on such occasions are unable to save the whole work from the impression of tediousness which inevitably occurs where those two first requirements of art, conciseness and consistent development, are neglected.

After these general remarks, a detailed analysis of the two principal works performed on Saturday—a symphony denominated, for some reason or other, "The Ocean," and a pianoforte concerto in F, Op. 36—may be dispensed with. Suffice it to say, that the symphony, which consists of no less than six, instead of the ordinary four, movements, was excellently played, under the composer's own direction, and, being the first number of the programme, was listened to with unflagging attention and marked signs of approval by the vast audience. But the applause reached its climax during the second named work, owing most likely to the inspiring interpretation it received from the composer-pianist. The immediate *rapport* Rubinstein establishes with his audience as soon as he sits down at the instrument, can be explained only as a kind of

\* He must find one, first.—D. P.

psychic electricity. His very face, of a pronounced Slavonic type, and his bearing, although by no means unpleasantly demonstrative, suggest subdued passion; and, as soon as he touches the keys, he carries his hearers along with irresistible force, making them forget eccentricities of style, wrong notes, and discrepant harmonies—nay, almost the very work they are listening to. The present concerto, calmly considered, is a rambling composition, without any striking feature except its enormous difficulty; but we defy any critic or amateur to realise that fact while under the spell of Rubinstein's individuality. It is, indeed, this personal fascination which distinguishes Rubinstein from other pianists, from the class of *virtuosi* as such. He is not a mere player, or interpreter; his rendering takes the form of re-creating, or, when his own works are concerned, of improvising. The impression one receives is that orchestra and piano are but one colossal instrument, handled, in some mysterious manner, by the one person in the centre according to his momentary fancy. From the classic dignity of Joachim, or the intellectual subtlety of Bülow, Rubinstein's style differs as widely as possible—in a wrong direction, perhaps, as far as faithful reproduction is concerned. But, regarded by himself, he is a startling phenomenon, to be liked or disliked according to taste, but to be reckoned with in one way or another.

A short extract from the opera, *Die Maccabäer*, sung by Mdlle Thekla Friedländer and Helene Arnim, did not enhance our belief in Rubinstein as a dramatic composer, and considerably relieved our disappointment at the postponement of *Nero*, originally announced for this season at Covent Garden. To much greater advantage did the composer show in his setting of Heine's beautiful song, "Tragödie," admirably declaimed by Mdlle Friedländer. It is in this field that Rubinstein seems destined to gather his greenest laurels. His Persian songs to Mirza Schaffy's words are little masterpieces. The overture to *Dimitri Donskoï*, first of a set of operas composed for the Russian stage, closed the concert. It is a juvenile work, well constructed and skilfully instrumented.

#### AUBER JUDGED BY WAGNER.\*

(Concluded from page 285.)

But let us return to Auber, of whom we have somewhat lost sight, and concerning whom Wagner will give us some further interesting details. It must, however, be understood that we have nothing more to do with the composer of *La Muette*, a work which was simply an accident, an *excess*, to adopt Wagner's word; we have now to do with the author of numerous comic operas, the parentage of which has been clearly demonstrated, and is treated charmingly, for, as the reader will readily believe, the author of *Die Meistersinger* cannot fail to entertain for the author of *Le Domino Noir* the profound contempt he expresses for the style to which the last-named opera belongs. "All this is not really music." But Wagner has a robust faith in what he writes, and so convinced of the truths which issue from his pen that he does not hesitate declaring in the most peremptory fashion that Auber did not consider himself a musician. It was the French who put this report in circulation. If the reader doubts it, let him listen:—

"With the stupidity of which only a French Government is capable, Auber was appointed Director of the Conservatory.†

"Behold Auber seated in the box of honour, while a symphony by Beethoven is being executed. With naive surprise and a smiling face, he says: 'Do you understand anything of that? Je n'y comprends mot!'"‡

Wagner can now no longer restrain his feelings. He writes with joy and considers the remark magnificent. In his eyes, it is a clear proof that Auber did not attempt to deceive himself, but possessed a correct estimate of his own powers. The French composer could not labour under any delusion, since he avowed so ingenuously that he understood nothing of Beethoven's symphony—that is: of music itself. This is just what Wagner hopes to prove, and what he endeavours to place in a still clearer light, by relating one of his conversations with Auber:—

"In 1860, I frequently met Auber at the Café Tortoni. He always came in about midnight on leaving the Opera, where he followed the performances like a regular and faithful patron. He

attended the 300th or 400th performance of a work, sleeping, as I was informed, most of the time in his box. He always came in with an amicable air and in good humour, and asked me for news about my *Tannhäuser*, then making a certain noise in Paris. He wanted to know, above all things, if it would bear a certain amount of magnificence in the way of scenery and getting up. One day, after I had given him some details regarding its subject, he rubbed his hands gleefully and exclaimed: 'Ah! il y aura du spectacle! ça aura du succès, soyez tranquille!'

"Of his last comic opera, *La Circassienne*, a piece of extraordinary puerility and stupidity, he would not hear anything. 'Ah! laissez les farces en paix!' he exclaimed directly I tried to mention it. On the contrary, he listened with pleasure when I spoke of the pains once bestowed upon his *Lestocq*; he rubbed his hands joyously, and looked at me with eyes glistening with intelligence, when I told him the trouble I had taken to get the work up. I really bestowed great pains on it, for it was charming of its kind, and I exerted myself to bring out everything in it which recalled the spirit of *La Muette*. I reinforced the Russian battalion, which rushed on the stage to support the revolution, by a considerable number of choristers taken from the army, and thus succeeded in getting together a host of singers, of whom our manager appeared greatly afraid, but who enabled me to attain a really formidable effect. *Lestocq* proved a great success, and justly so. It is not astonishing that the work should have failed to resist in Germany the increasing invasion of the platiitudes due to Adam and his colleagues, but I am less able to explain why it should not have maintained its position as a stock French piece, rather than *Le Pré aux Clercs* and other dainties of the same kind. When I expressed my surprise at this to Auber, he again looked at me with his eye full of sly humour, and exclaimed: 'Que voulez-vous? C'est le genre!'"

The imprudent ingenuousness with which Wagner relates this conversation is a guarantee of its scrupulous fidelity. Enveloped in the *œ* triple of his vanity, the author of the *Tetralogy* did not perceive that his keen interlocutor was chaffing him. After *Tannhäuser* was given in Paris, Wagner saw no more of Auber, who certainly did not sleep in his box on that occasion.

"I am ignorant," adds Wagner, "about what Auber thought or said of *Tannhäuser* after the performance, but I am willing to admit qu'il n'en a pas compris mot!" We, too, will end with the above modest conclusion, with which Wagner places himself in the same category as Beethoven.

VICTOR WILDER.

#### NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Amateurs were attracted to St James Hall in large numbers on Saturday afternoon by the prospect of hearing Rubinstein's *Ocean* symphony, which was actually performed under Dr Wylde's direction with no mean degree of success. After so recently discussing this work at length, we shall not be expected to give it a large amount of space now. Enough that further acquaintance, while it cleared up points that formerly seemed obscure, strengthened a favourite estimate of others. When looked at in their highest aspect, symphonies are judged according to individual impressions and not by a fixed standard, so that what is one man's meat may be another's poison. Without reflecting in the slightest upon those to whom the *Ocean* is poison, we venture to say that, for ourselves, it contains a good deal of meat. We look upon it as a great and striking work; not free from faults such as are easier to point out than avoid, but principally distinguished by merits of a high order. The oftener it is heard the more clearly is this likely to appear, and therefore Dr. Wylde has done good service by a performance which, generally speaking, reflected credit on him and his orchestra. Each movement was well received by a very attentive audience. Another important feature of the concert was the first *allegro* of Beethoven's violin concerto, with Herr Wilhelmj as soloist, and Herr Ganz as conductor. The German artist won a splendid success by legitimate means. Nothing technically more excellent than his playing could well be conceived, while a very difficult *cadence* enabled him to astonish his hearers by a succession of *tours de force* such as brought out all his special skill. It is not often that Herr Wilhelmj essays a great classical work like this concerto, and the audience would gladly have heard him play the whole of it. His second solo was the *Meistersinger* paraphrase, by this time familiar. The overtures to the *Flying Dutchman* and *Der Freischütz*, with songs by Herr Henschel made up the rest of the programme.—*Daily Telegraph*.

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

† As I do not wish to be accused of darkening in my translation the colours of the text, I append the German sentence in all its immaculate coarseness: "Mit der nur einem französischen Gouvernement zuzutrauenen Stupidität, ward er zum Director des Conservatoriums der Musik ernannt."

‡ The italics are in French in the original German text.

\* All the italics are in French in the original German text.



"And I have loved thee, Ocean!"  
BRAHMS' SYMPHONY IN C MINOR.  
(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

When a composer already famous makes a step forward, like Brahms in this instance, his production enjoys a *prima facie* right to respect, the more because it is the result of measured progress. Too often we see men beginning where they should leave off, and incurring the charge of presumption as well as the censure of incompetence. Others, more wise, feel their way towards the *sanctum sanctorum* of their art, and these, even though they fail to reach it, obtain all the honour due to a modest appreciation of themselves and a prudent use of the talents they possess; Brahms would, undoubtedly, have been justified in appearing as a symphonist when content with humbler rank as a composer of the elastic orchestral pieces called serenades. But while he thus actually secured the credit of uncommon modesty, his reticence was no loss to the world; the result of it being that his first symphony is better worth having, as the fruit of ripe experience and extended resources. Nor is this all. Brahms may demand from us greater caution in giving judgment; for, whatever in his new work cannot be at once understood, he has a stronger right to ask consideration—a right based upon the fact that it represents but an enlarged employment of talents recognised and admired in many previous forms. Much of the strength of Beethoven's claim as a pioneer of art among his contemporaries, lay in their having watched the expansion of his genius from ordinary limits. It could not be otherwise. Assure a man that a balloon is in the speckless sky above him, and he will the more easily credit your assertion if he has followed the gradual ascent of the machine. So, if there be, as there is, much in Brahms' symphony that, on first acquaintance, appears strange, those who look back upon his previous doings will reflect: "If we do not understand, the reason more probably lies in our own want of comprehension than in the master's incoherence." This is the advantage Brahms enjoys over so many of his contemporaries, who begin by puzzling us. They have no right to puzzle us, and we tell them, naturally enough, to stand aside.

A general estimate of Brahms' symphony has already been given in these columns, and we see no reason to change our belief that it is a great work. Such a conclusion far from implies an arrogant assumption that the beauty and significance of every part have been seen and appreciated. It may be formed upon the fact that enough for greatness of both qualities is obvious, and that, reasoning from the clear to the obscure, the existence of more is an article of faith. On the latter point we are disposed to think that much of what in the work has called forth hostile or doubting criticism is precisely that wherein the genius of the composer most fully asserts its individuality. All precedent and experience is in favour of the conclusion. The music is said to be laboured, when, perhaps, its construction is only ingeniously elaborate. Its form is said to be patchy, when, perhaps, the relation of part to part, though not less real, is less obvious than we commonly find it. Assertions like these can only have weight when founded upon intimate knowledge. Under all other circumstances they are inconclusive and, possibly, misleading. Criticism, therefore, of a work only known to the ear, and known imperfectly, is safer when confined to a record of impressions that may be accepted as determining the atmosphere in which further study should be carried on. With regard to this matter, especially, every man must speak for himself, and our impressions of the symphony are such as limit us to the estimate we have already stated. True, it cannot be denied that Brahms has fallen short of entire originality, for the spirit of Beethoven may be discerned beneath a frequent reflex of Beethoven's mode of utterance. True, again, that in certain passages the composer seems to have got involved among the intricacies of his machinery, and that his

work lacks points of repose such as those which Beethoven, in his most extraordinary developments, took care to provide. But while this, as far as our present knowledge extends, seems to be the case, we are more conscious that a master has spoken—one who, at a time when most voices are echoes of the past, has something new to say, though every word may not be strange, and who speaks in his own fashion, though now and then a sentence may be shaped upon familiar models. Here we have the grand impression made by the symphony—masterfulness. It moves us. It enchains the attention and excites emotion before it begins to consciously exercise the intellect, and than this we know not a better test of what real music is. The art that at once sets us thinking has missed its point; that which makes us rejoice or be sad, fills us with hope or despair, or touches any one of the many chords of human sympathy, has hit it full. Guided by our own experience, we claim the credit of true art for Brahms' symphony. It would be possible vaguely to talk about certain of its technical points—and no more than vaguely, without a study of the text proportionate to the elaboration and magnitude of the design—therefore, *cui bono?* "The auditor," wrote Professor Macfarren, in his analytical programme, "can alone do justice to the new symphony and to himself by faith in the unrevealed on the warrant of what is manifest, and by employing all coming opportunities of hearing and reading the music till he thoroughly masters its intricacies." Precisely. The words are words of wisdom.

#### HERR WAGNER.

On Wednesday afternoon, the day after his arrival in London, Richard Wagner received at his residence, 12, Orme Square, a deputation from the principal German societies in London (the German Athenaeum, the Liederkranz, the German Gymnastic Society, the Camberwell Gesang-Verein, and the Liederklang), and was presented with an address of welcome, which began: "Most Honoured Master," and represented the feeling of the German societies "that the first hearty welcome accorded to you upon your arrival on English soil should emanate from your compatriots." "Our joyous emotions," the address proceeded, "at seeing you among us are enhanced by the consciousness that, in greeting you this day, we salute you as victor in the contest which you have been carrying on so indefatigably for many years past. Far removed as we are from the arena of conflict in the old Fatherland, we have been all the better able to arrive at an impartial judgment upon the arduous struggle in which you have been engaged, and our appearance here may be taken as an earnest proof that among the Germans in London the recognition of your mighty genius has irresistibly asserted itself." The address concluded by assuring Herr Wagner that he would meet in English as in German society "appreciative and enthusiastic admirers," and it added their conviction that the approaching festival would inspire musicians here "with a deep sense of the grandeur of your creations." Herr Wagner, in a reply of some length, expressed his highly gratified at this mark of esteem and sympathy on the part of his compatriots. After having, in a few words, given a sketch of his aims in the composition of his latter works, he said that, although he had hoped never again to be obliged to have his works performed in a concert room, yet he could not help being pleased at the opportunity afforded to him of conducting a selection from all his works before an auditory from whom, as belonging to a nation so nearly related to his own, he was sure of an intelligent sympathy.

#### SWEET BE THY STILL DREAMS.

(Lines for Music.)\*

Sweet be thy stilly dreams,  
Calm be thy slumbers, Love;  
Rest till the daylight beams  
Clear from the skies above;  
Then with the dawning light,  
Cast from the lonesome night,  
Decked in thy robes of white,  
Fairer than angels bright;  
Come, for I sigh for thee—  
Come, Love, and dwell with me!  
Oft on the mountains lone,  
Oft have I sought thy way,  
But o'er thy footsteps strown,  
Sere leaves are now at play!  
Where all was bright and fair,

All now is dark and drear.  
Sunshine nor thee to cheer,  
Where shall I, lonely, steer?  
Far from the world I'll go,  
Far whence its follies flow.  
But, though so false to me,  
I would no tears may come,  
But may love cherish thee,  
Though o'er the world you roam.  
Though to thy tender eye,  
False as the changing sky,  
Tears on their course may fly,  
Think not that none would sigh!  
Nay, I have loved thee well,  
For thee my heart would swell.

H. MELVILLE.

\* Copyright.



## In Glencly.

*At the Paste and Scissors.*

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well, Dr Slim, what MS. have you got there?

DR SLIM.—It is a *fantasia*, sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Upon what subject?

DR SLIM.—Oceanic subject, sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Fish?

DR SLIM.—There are no fish, sir, in my work.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Not dried fish, eh?

(*Publisher giggles at his own wit.*)

DR SLIM.—It is built upon *Leit-motives*—

PUBLISHER BUMPUS (*interrupting him*).—You know, Doctor Slim, I don't care for light motives—my house, like that of our aesthetic neighbour, who sleeps with "No. 9" under his pillow—requires heavy motives to encourage speculation.

DR SLIM.—I said *Leit-motives*.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—What do you mean?

DR SLIM.—*Leading motives*, sir—

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Do you take us to be in *leading-strings*? We follow no leader; and if you can't light upon something heavier than usual, now, as fashion goes, we are stumped.

DR SLIM.—Sir, the *Leit-motives* I have chosen are heavy as lead. They serve to plumb the ocean to its depths. (*Giggles inwardly.*)

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Dr Slim, I never heard you make a joke before. But say plainly what you've brought. My aching heart, my puzzled brain, cannot support this mental strain.

DR SLIM.—I've brought a *fantasia*, which I call "*Danophylin*," upon themes from a symphony entitled *Ocean*, and—

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—By Wagner? The idea! Like Berlioz, with anxious polycoscopy, Wagner has perished in mechanics! What has our house to do with Wagner?

DR SLIM.—Rubinstein, sir.

*Strong breeze and flapping of wings outside.*

PUBLISHER BUMPUS (*in an undertone to DR SLIM*).—Here's Septimus Wind, with his two-headed friend Eagles, as great a bore as himself. Come to Fish and Volume.

DR SLIM.—Just the place, sir.

[*Exeunt to Fish and Volume.*

*Enter DRS WIND and EAGLES.*



DR WIND (*blowing open envelope*).—My hair! Here's a coil!

[May 5, 1877.]

DR EAGLES.—{ What's up ?  
What's down ?

DR WIND.—A letter. I'll read it. (*Reads.*)

"Dear Flamingo,—I felt art withering. 'Ocean' was being dried up, as they say of the Caspian Lake—a *Dead Sea*, in fact, the waters of which are bitter. I did love art. Now, to me, it is indifferent. I was at Bayreuth, where it tasted bitter; but an obstinately erring giant was there, compared with whom his detractors are fleas. I address you as 'Flamingo.' Don't be angry. I have travelled over the globe since the Birmingham Festival of 1855, and only arrived here a few weeks since. Dining with Queer, he showed me your MS. I read it, and said, 'By Jingo!'—Yours ever,

"An English Musician."

"Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham."

DR EAGLES.—{ Who's Flamingo ?  
Who's English Musician ?

DR WIND.—Blowed if I havn't opened wrong envelope ! It's addressed to Flamingo ! Oh ! Here's another (*blows open other envelope.*) Let us see (*reads*) :—

"To Flamingo.

"I wish I could feel as you do. To me, Ocean was (*tries to sing*) :—



"a frosty void—a desert, without an oasis—a dreary road without a turning. The concerto \* \* \* \* \* voilà tout. The solos were three anythings, by anybody that might have chosen to sit down and improvise them. The *Maccabees*—Oh ! as if F.M.B. had no set the *Tragédie*!"

DR EAGLES.—{ To Flamingo ?

DR WIND.—Flamingo ! (*Chuckles.*)

DR WIND.—My skirts ! I've again opened wrong envelope.

*Enter Waiter.*

WAITER.—Mr Flamingo wishes to see you. Some letters for him have been sent to your room by mistake. Shall I show him up ?

DR WIND.—Certainly. (*Exit Waiter.*) Hadn't we better adjourn to Fish and Volume.

DR EAGLES.—{ By all means.

DR EAGLES.—Let's off !

(DR WIND blown up chimney. DR EAGLES flies out window.)

*At Fish and Volume.*

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Saved !

DR SLIM.—Saved !

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well—to business. I want a long, somewhat tedious piece, on themes not seized at an earshot. I wish I were an eel.

DR SLIM.—I've what you require. My first theme is (*sings*) :—



PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—That is precisely the sort of thing. But a counter theme is requisite.

DR SLIM.—My counter theme is (*sings*) :—



PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Your first theme is good ; but I don't like your second. Your first theme is easily varied ; your second theme is a variation of itself. And then, why the lesser third ? I should like the G to be sharpened ; it would sell better.

DR SLIM.—The symphony is in C, with the greater third.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—That's why you sing E with the lesser?

DR SLIM.—Precisely.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Wherefore precisely ?

DR SLIM.—My first theme is (*sings*) :—



—and I vary it thus (*sings*) :—



PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—That will be effective ; but I observe no passing notes ?

DR SLIM.—I pass them over, with an object.

*Enter Waiter.*

WAITER.—Dr Wind and Dr Eagles are coming upstairs.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Oh bother ! (*Aside to DR SLIM.*) We'll adjourn to the Bee and Bottle. I can't support this mortal strain.

DR SLIM.—That's it. I'm thirsty. [*Exeunt to Bee and Bottle.*

*Enter Wind and Eagles.*

DR WIND.—Waiter ! Three bottles of stout.

DR EAGLES (*aside*).—Wind pays.

*Waiter with bottles of stout.*

DR WIND.—Good stout. Like Méhul's G minor Symphony (*drinks*).

DR EAGLES.—{ Or Raff's { Or Mozart's { (*drinks*).

DR WIND.—Waiter ! Three more bottles of stout.

DR EAGLES (*aside*).—Wind pays.

*Waiter with stout.*

DR WIND.—Good stout. Like Beethoven's C minor Sonata (*drinks*).

DR EAGLES.—{ Or Mozart's { Or Woelfl's { (*drinks*).

DR WIND.—Waiter ! Three more bottles of stout.

DR EAGLES (*aside*).—Wind pays.

DR WIND.—Good stout. Like *Rheingold*. Oh Flosshilde !

*Lightning—thunder. Voice of Mr Ap' MUTTON from the planet Venus.*

*Voice of Ap' MUTTON.—Utter not that name ! She is mine.*

*Voice of VENUS.—Ap' Mutton ! Oh !*

*Voice of Ap' MUTTON.—Go to ! I'm not Cannhauser.*

*Lightning—thunder.*

DRS WIND and EAGLES (*terrified*).—Let's to Bee and Bottle.

*Enter Waiter.*

WAITER.—Mr Flamingo is below. He wishes to inquire about letters addressed to him.

[*Exeunt Drs Wind and Eagles to Bee and Bottle.*

*At Bee and Bottle,*



*Music from smoke room.*

MUMBO.—Wot dat ?

JUMBO.—'im *Rheingold* !

MUMBO.—'im Wagner dare ?

JUMBO.—'im smoke room—yaas !

*From smoke room.*



MUMBO.—'im *Rheingold* !

JUMBO.—'im low E flat—

MUMBO.—'ush, 'ush !



JUMBO.—Am 'ead 'ere ?

SIR FLAMBOURGH HEAD (*awakening*).—Can't fathom it—seems, now, half-tone lower (*tries "Ocean"*).



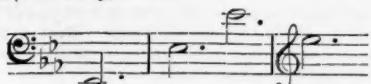
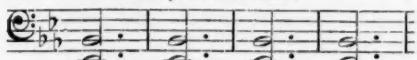
*From smoke room.*

SIR FLAMBOURGH HEAD.—By Jove! (drops score of "Ocean," and falls asleep).

Enter BUMPUS and SLIM.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Now, doctor, let me hear the first variation.

DR SLIM (tries to sing) :—

*Music from smoke room.*

DR SLIM.—Bother! They've got the other pitch! The what d'ye call 'em—the normal. I sing under Costa—*his* pitch!

Enter DR WIND and EAGLES, *the worse for stout.*

DR WIND (singing) :—



JUMBO (aside).—'im Rheingold.

DR EAGLES.—Blow normal. We heard Norma last night (sings) :



JUMBO (aside).—'im Ocean.

*(Music from smoke room.)*

SIR FLAMBOURGH HEAD (awakening).—By Jove! They're playing in two keys at a time.

[Exit SIR FLAMBOURGH in haste.

JUMBO.—'Em play 'im Rheingold and 'im Ocean gither!  
DRS WIND and EAGLES (singing merrily, "ensemble") :—



DRS WIND and EAGLES.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Waiter! Three more bottles of stout.

*Waiter with stout.*

DR WIND.—Eagles, my boys! (Drinks.)

DR EAGLES.—Wind, my boy! (Drinks.)

DR WIND.—Eagles! I'm tipsy! Oh, Flosshilde!

*Lightning—thunder—voice of Mr AP'MUTTON from the planet Mars.*

VOICE OF MR AP'MUTTON.—Utter not that name! She is mine!

VOICE OF MARS.—Ap'Mutton! Oh!

VOICE OF AP'MUTTON.—Go to! Go to! I'm not Aphrodite! I am not froth.

*Lightning—thunder.*

MUMBO AND JUMBO.—'im Ap'Mutton. 'im come seek us 'fore time; 'im am not froth! (vanish.)

DR WIND.—Eagles, let's hence to Service Tree and Sable, in time to hear the overture *Fliegende Holländer*, by the Tadcaster band.

DR EAGLES.—{ Allons! Slopsons!  
Esquivons!

DR WIND blown up chimney. DR EAGLES, flapping pinions, flies.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—The rehearsal is over—all are gone. How about the fantasia? I can't support this mental strain.

DR SLIM.—Wind and Eagles were *non compos*, sir. They're all more or less ghosts here, sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—That was a hint for you—Wagner and Rubinstein together?

DR SLIM.—Like the themes that *wont* come together in the *Meistersinger*?

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—They try?

DR SLIM.—But they *can't*.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Make them do it, and I will take your fantasia off hand. I can't afford to pay for Wagner or Rubinstein separately; bring them together, and you are my man.

DR SLIM.—As well bring together a she lion and a male tiger, sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Then let's go. Don't forget umbrella.

DR SLIM.—All right, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter MAN WITH UMBRELLA.*



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—So—now I shall do business to-night. Well—my stars! Not a single umbrella! Not a cloak! Not a cane! Not a pipe! Not a baccy-box! So—*Rheingold* and *Ocean* together are no hit! *Mazeppa* was my friend. Well—I shall wait for *Walküre*, and not deposit umbrella this time. I am not of the Macenates. I take, but don't give. The dog-grass was sacred to Mars. So.

[*Empties remains of stout bottles, and exit.*]

*Schluss Folgt.*

#### MAY.\*

With balmy breath and smiling mien,  
May showers her gifts, a very queen;  
Her regal brow adorned with flowers,  
She fills with song the woodland bowers,  
Her green robe gemm'd with dewdrop bright,  
And pearl-cup lilies thrond' in light,  
Where sips the bee in each fair bell,  
Then hastens with honey to its cell.

From hill and dale glad sounds arise,  
The lark mounts up to sunny skies,  
While young and old in festive mirth  
Dance lightly on the buoyant earth.  
The squirrel peeps from branches high,  
The happy brook runs singing by;  
All nature wears an aspect gay,  
And sings in chorus, This is May.

The bloom now decks the hawthorn bough,  
Emblem of Hope, fair flower art thou.  
Sweet Hope, without thy cheering light,  
The day were sunless as the night;  
But where thou dwel'st a welcome guest,  
There reigneth peace and joy and rest;  
Thou bidd'st us throw all care away,  
And smile on life, for it is May.

\* Copyright.

S. P. HOWELL.

BERLIN.—The three-act opera, *Der König hat's gesagt (Le Roi l'a dit)*, by M. Delibes, has been produced at the Royal Operahouse. Miss Minnie Hauk distinguished herself, vocally and histrionically, as Javotte. She was tolerably supported.

TURIN.—Signora Anna de Stefanis, member of the ballet here, recently committed suicide. She laboured under the impression that her lover, to whom she was to have been shortly united, had deserted her.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE period for the triennial musical celebration of Handel's memory has again arrived, and the preparations at the Crystal Palace for the colossal festival in honour of the great composer are nearly complete. The dates fixed are Monday, June 25th; Wednesday, June 27th; and Friday, June 29th; the festival itself being, as usual, preceded by a full public rehearsal on Friday, June 22nd. The *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—the one, as the grandest setting of the sublimest of subjects; the other, as best adapted by the massiveness, breadth, and dramatic power of its choral writing to such a chorus and such a locale—will of course again take their places on the opening and closing day; while Wednesday will be devoted to selections from the composer's other great works, including *Athaliah*, *Joshua*, *Hercules*, &c., the programme also comprising several little known orchestral pieces. Tickets are now on sale, both in sets and singly; and the Handel Festival Pamphlet, containing full information as to the arrangements, is issued gratuitously on application at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall.

JEALOUS of the laurels gained by a paper published at Rome, which rendered the title of M. Lecocq's opera, *La Petite Mariée*, *La Piccola Maria*, the *Correo de Teatros* informs its readers that M. Gounod's new work, just brought out at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, is called *The Fifth of March (Cinq-Mars)*.

THE Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* lately offered its readers some interesting notices of Schiller's contemporaries. The notices were accompanied by unpublished letters and documents relating to the poet. Among the letters there is one addressed to Charlotte von Schiller by Fischenich, announcing the arrival of a piece of music. "This composition," writes Fischenich, "is the work of a young man whose musical talent excites the admiration of every one here, and who is now studying in Vienna, under Haydn. He is going to set Schiller's ode, 'An die Freude' notably working each strophe. I expect something perfect, for, from my own experience, I know him to be devoted to everything ideal and grand." The young man whom Fischenich does not name was no other than Beethoven, and the *finale* to the Ninth Symphony enables us to decide for ourselves whether he was or was not devoted to everything "ideal and grand."

THE following lines were addressed by Richard Brinsley Sheridan to Miss Linley, the celebrated singer, previous to their marriage:

"Mark'd you her eyes of heav'nly blue,  
Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue?  
That eye in liquid circles moving,  
That cheek abashed at man's approving;  
The one love's arrows darting round,  
The other blushing at the wound."

On her marriage with Sheridan, in 1773, the lady relinquished her profession. She died in 1792. There was a brilliancy and mellifluous sweetness in the tone of her voice which penetrated the hearts of her audience as much as her beauty delighted their eyes. On hearing her sing, at Oxford, for the last time in public before her retirement, Sacchini observed that, had she been born in Italy, she would have been as much superior to all Italian singers as she then was to all the singers of her own country.

SIG. CERVETTI, the famous violoncellist, was known, on account of the unusual development of his nasal organ, by the nickname of "Nosey." One night, as he was performing in the orchestra of a London theatre, he received a violent blow on the organ in question with a potato, thrown from the upper gallery. Being a man of spirit, it was with difficulty that he restrained himself till the conclusion of the piece, when he ran up into the gallery, and demanded who was the person who had assaulted him. The offender having been pointed out, Cervetti seized him by the collar, dragged him into the passage, and gave him a good thrashing. Some years subsequently, as he was riding near Paddington, he met a cartload of condemned prisoners on their way to Tyburn. On seeing him, one of the prisoners cried out: "Nosey! Nosey!" and told the populace he had something to say to "Nosey." Cervetti was stopped, and his horse led to the cart. There he soon recognised the man who had thrown the potato. The poor wretch told the astonished musician that, being on the point of leaving

the world, and wishing to die at peace with all mankind, he had taken the liberty of stopping him to ask forgiveness for the offence he had formerly committed, and to assure him that, on his part, he entirely pardoned Cervetti for the drubbing the latter had bestowed on him. Then, wishing the violoncellist a good day, the repentant practical joker ordered the carman to drive on.

PTOLEMY seems to have been possessed with a rage for constructing new scales and correcting those of former times. He gives us eight different forms of the diatonic scale, three of which were his own, while the other five went by the names of more ancient musicians of renown, such as Archytas of Tarentum, Aristoxenus, Eratosthenes, and Didymus. Most of these scales differ from each other only in deformity, if judged by our present ideas of harmony and temperament.

HERR AUGUST WILHELMJ, the distinguished violinist, has been offered the post of director and chief professor at the Imperial Academy of Music in Vienna.

SIGNOR LAMPERTI, the well-known Italian professor of the vocal art, has arrived in London.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS PALMER gave a concert at the St John's Wood Assembly Rooms on Friday evening, April 27. The vocalists were Miss Banks, Messrs Galbraith and Henry Pope. The instrumentalists were Miss Madalena Cronin and Mr Alfred Gilbert (pianoforte), and Mr Gilbert Betjemann (violin). As well as possessing a beautiful contralto voice and an excellent method, Miss Palmer is an accomplished musician. Her delivery of the page's aria, "Nobil Donna" (*Les Huguenots*), and her own setting of Mr S. S. Jordans's "I love my love," showed to advantage her first-named qualification; and her second and third were exemplified in the *Liebeslieder* of Brahms (with Miss Banks, Messrs Galbraith and Pope); Miss Madalena Cronin and Mr Alfred Gilbert at the pianoforte), and in Professor Macfarren's admired trio, "The Troubadour" (with Miss Banks and Mr Pope). Besides what we have cited, Miss Palmer sang Miss Macrone's setting of "The Balalaika Charge" (encored), accompanied by the composer, and Mr Molloy's "The Little Match Girl," as well as, with Miss Banks and Mr Pope, Bishop's trio, "Blow, gentle gales," and, with Miss Banks, "Quis est homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Mr G. Betjemann played a fantasia for the violin on airs from *Il Trovatore*, and Miss Cronin two pianoforte compositions of Rubinstein. Mr Arthur Galbraith sang a characteristic setting, by Mr Goldberg, of the French chanson, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire" ("The Re-proach"); Miss Banks, "L'amor suo," from Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*, and T. Cooke's "Over hill and dale"; and Mr Pope, "Nancy Lee" and Signor Pinsuti's "I fear no foe," both of which he was called upon to repeat. Miss Palmer's friends and patrons had reason to be satisfied.

MR W. T. BEST'S ORGAN RECITALS.—On Wednesday, May 2nd, a small but highly appreciative audience assembled in "The Hall," Primrose Hill Road, to hear one of the series of recitals on Mr N. Holmes's fine organ, which Mr Best has announced for every Wednesday during the season. The programme was as follows:—

Organ Sonata, No. 1, F minor (Mendelssohn); Pastorale, from the Christmas Oratorio (Bach); Fantasia and Fugue, A minor, (G. Merkel); Bourrée, D minor (Handel); Andante and Fugue, A minor (W. T. Best); Benediction Nuptiale (C. Saint-Saëns); Air, with Variations, and Finale, A major (H. Smart); Andante, F minor (E. Silas); Finale, Allegro, Vivace (G. Morandi).

It would be useless to describe the manner in which Mr Best played Mendelssohn's Sonata. It is sufficient to notice his performance of the last movement, the rapid and by no means easy arpeggios of which were given with masterly facility. The Fantasia and Fugue, by Merkel, are cleverly written and interesting. The Benediction Nuptiale (Saint-Saëns), with its imitation of distant church bells, is not altogether pleasing; its effect is weakened by undue extension and purposeless meanderings. Henry Smart's Andante was a striking contrast. The variations, on a charming and impressive air, skillful and ingenious in a high degree, are only equalled by the depth and grandeur of the Fugue. The Andante of Mr Silas is characterised not only by skillful workmanship but by beauty of ideas. A showy Allegro Vivace, by Signor Morandi, brought the recital to a conclusion. Mr Best was loudly applauded. All students of the organ should attend these recitals, as an addition to the educational resources of musical London.

A CONCERT was given in the schoolroom of St Thomas Square Chapel, Hackney, on Friday evening, April 27th, in aid of the funds of the school. The vocalists were Mdme Elstoft, Mr J. Clippingdale, and Mr R. Farquharson. Mr J. Clippingdale sang Blumenthal's well-known song, "The Message," and Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" receiving hearty applause for each. Mrs J. Clippingdale, in trios by Hummel and Beethoven, assisted by M. E. Hermentahl, violinist from the Brussels Conservatoire, and Mr Linley Goodwin, violoncellist, proved herself a pianist of solid attainments. Mrs Clippingdale also played Benedict's Fantasia on Welsh Airs so brilliantly that the audience called her back to the platform, when she gave them Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." Mr Linley Goodwin, director, deserves thanks for an excellent programme.

MISS ELLEN HORNE gave a concert on Wednesday evening, May 2, at St. James's Hall, assisted by the following vocalists:—Misses Annie Butterworth, Kate Baxter, and Mdme Poole; Messrs Henry Guy, Thurley Beale, Alfred Caink, Chaplin Henry, and Edward Lloyd. The instrumentalists were Mdle Cecile Brousil (violin); and the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr Charles Godfrey. Miss Ellen Horne sang Gounod's "The Worker," Balfe's "The Cantineer," and "Within a mile Edinboro' Town"; with Mr Edward Lloyd, Lucanton's "Una note a Venezia"; with Mr Henry Guy and Miss Annie Butterworth, an "Ave Maria," by Herr Schloesser; and with Mdme Poole, Glover's "Over the hawthorn hedge." Mr Guy gave with effect Blumenthal's "My Queen," and Mr C. E. Tinney's "Luna, veil thy light"; Mr Lloyd, Mr F. Clay's "I'll sing the songs of Araby" (Lalla Rookh), and Arthur Sullivan's "Sometimes"; Miss Butterworth, Mr Arthur Cecil's "I hear thee speak of a better land," and Arthur Sullivan's "The Willow Song"; Mr Thurley Beale, Mr Halley's "The Sailor's Dream," and Mr H. Parker's "My love"; Mr Alfred Caink, "Largo al factotum"; Miss Kate Baxter, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington"; and Mdme Poole, Henry Smart's very popular song "The Lady of the Lea." Mdle Brousil played De Beriot's Ninth Concerto, and the Military band the Overtures to *Zampa* and *Jessonda*, Mr Halley's "Florentina" Waltzes, and Mr C. Godfrey's "Fly away" Galop. Miss Horne's friends were evidently gratified, judging by the applause bestowed both on singers and players.

AT Mr Aguilar's performance of pianoforte music on Monday, April 30th, at his residence, 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, the following was the programme: Caprice in D flat (Aguilar); Fantasia in F sharp minor (Mendelssohn); Rossini's Cujus animam, Transcription (Liszt); Ronde in E flat (Weber); Nachtstück and Arabesque (Schumann); Sonata in E (Aguilar); Lieder ohne Wörte (Mendelssohn); Fantasia on an air from *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Aguilar); Nightingale Song, from Aguilar's cantata, *Summer Night*; Transcription (Aguilar); Gigue, from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, arranged by Aguilar; Day-dream, melody, and Mazurka du Nord (Aguilar).

MIDDLE SAINT-CLAIR gave a concert on Monday evening, April 23, in Wormum's Concert Hall, Store Street. There was a good programme as well as an effective choir, as was shown in part songs by Rossini, Pearson, &c., conducted by Mr Gittens. Mdle Saint-Clair gave various songs, and took part in duets with Signor Seneca, and, with Mdme Talbot Cherer and Mdme Marie Belval in a charming Trio by Henry Smart. Mdme Marie Belval, in Wellington Guernsey's Romance, "The Beacon," was warmly applauded. Miss E. Boldero played Sydney Smith's fantasia on "Airs Irlandais"; Mdme Traynor, Vincent Wallace's "Cracovienne"; and Miss Nellie Davenport, Henri Herz's "Carnival de Venise." Miss Davenport accompanied the vocal music.

SIGNOR BONETTI gave a matinée musicale on Friday, April 27, at 10, Westbourne Street, Hyde Park, the residence of Mr and Mrs A. Levy. The artists were Mdle Ida Corani, Mdme Mathilde Zimeri, Mdme Alba Miss Purdy, Signor A. Bettini, Mr Trelawny Cobham, Mr Heilbut (amateur), Mr Shakespeare, Signors Federici, Bonetti, Zoboli, and Tito Mattei. The conductors were Chevalier Campana, Signors Romano, Marlois, and Alberto Visetti. Signor Bonetti, one of the artists associated with Mdme Adelina Patti in her late tour through the French provinces, is the possessor of a fine baritone voice. His talent was exhibited in Rossini's duet from the *Cenerentola*, "Un segreto" (with Signor Zoboli); in Gounod's "Barcarolla" (with Mdme Alba); Gabussi's "I Pescatore" (with Signor Bettini); Donizetti's "Io resto fra le lagrime" (with Mdme Zimeri); Verdi's quintet, "E scherzo od e follia," from *Un Ballo in Maschera* (with Mdle Ida Corani, Miss Purdy, Signor Federici, and Mr Shakespeare); and a new song composed expressly for him by Miss Virginia Gabriel, "Ella dorme." The last, accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, was encored.

Other encores were awarded.—Signor Tito Mattei, in his "Rêve d'une Valse" and Mr Shakespeare, in "Un aura amorosa" (*Cosi fan tutte*). Miss Purdy's rendering of "Un Angiol di Dio," from Manzocchi's opera *Dolores*, was warmly applauded; and Mdme Zimeri, in a *Lied* by Gumbert, was much admired. Mdle Ida Corani was very successful in "Son virgin vezzosa" (*I Puritani*), and Mr Trelawny Cobham, in a song by Mr Roeckel, "Only for thee," also deserved praise.

#### PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The opening of the new organ, erected by Messrs Wordsworth & Maskell (of Leeds) in the Cheetham Hill Wesleyan Chapel, took place on the 28th ult. Mr Henry Walker displayed the powers of the instrument in his Bach's pedal Fugue in G major, Mendelssohn's Sonata in F minor, No. 1; Miss Carina Clelland sang "From mighty kings;" the Cheetham Glee and Choral Union, Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," Handel's "And the glory," with the "Hallelujah Chorus" (*Messiah*). Miss Carina Clelland also sang in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The Philharmonic Society gave, on Tuesday evening, 24th April, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, under the direction of Mr. Alex. Rowland. The solo singers were Miss Catherine Penna, Mad. Poole, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Mr Thomas was an excellent representative of the Prophet; Mr Guy was truthful in intonation, and clear in articulation; Mad. Poole secured the customary encore for "O rest in the Lord," and Miss Catherine Penna, by the satisfactory manner in which she accomplished the task assigned to her, left nothing to be desired. The band and chorus sustained their reputation. The hall (Hartley) was crowded.

MANCHESTER.—At the "Grand Concert," given in the Hulme Town Hall, Manchester, on Tuesday evening, a very long programme was effectively gone through by Messdames Pickering and Bowmont, and Messrs Avison, Clementi, Risegari, and Horton C. Allison, Mus. B., Cantab., assisted by Messrs Dunville, Fearson, and others, forming an efficient choir directed by Mr Ambler. Signor Risegari performed two solos on the violin. Mr Horton C. Allison played the Funeral March and Allegro Finale, from Beethoven's Twelfth Sonata, with brilliant execution and delicacy of touch, also improvising on airs from Gounod's *Faust*. The choir sang glee and part-songs by Mornington Goss, and Hatton.—A.

GLASGOW.—On Friday evening, April 27th, Mr H. Seligmann, who has been studying at the Royal Academy of Music, London, made his *début* in Glasgow. Our *débutant*, writes the *North British Daily Mail*, has a tenor voice, not of great compass, but pure and true, which he manages with skill, and his three solos, "Un aura amorosa" (Mozart), "Stars of the summer night" (Tours), and "My ain fireside," were well given, especially the first two. "Stars of the summer night," indeed, elicited a well-merited encore. With study and enthusiasm, Mr Seligmann will doubtless take a high stand among English tenors. Mr Seligmann was assisted by Misses Orridge, Jones, Mr Fox (vocalists), and Miss Jessie Munro (pianist). The concert was an agreeable one, and an appreciative audience assembled to welcome Mr Seligmann on this, to him, important occasion.

#### ANGEL'S FOOD.

A lonely room, where want and shame  
Have stamped the wretched tenant's  
name,

Where shadows fill each empty space  
As though they love the cheerless  
place,

A child with nought of childhood's  
grace

On fragile limbs and wistful face,  
In years so young, in pain so old,  
Sits there, half numb with fear and  
cold.

Breathing a little patient sigh,  
She lifts her tearful eyes on high—  
"It grows so dark, yet I must wait,  
For mother said she'd not be late."

"I think I'll say my ev'ning prayer,  
For God can always hear me there,

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And when I pray I half forget  
I'm waiting for the answer yet."

With folded hands the prayer is said,  
"Give us this day our daily bread;"  
But then she stops and sadly says,  
"It has not come for many days."

"Oh send it down, dear Lord, to-day,  
I feel too faint and weak to pray;"  
And then the heavy eyelids close,  
And sleep brings dreams instead of  
woes.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Slow sweep the hours in languid  
flight,  
And darker shadows fill the night,  
But to the sleeper all is good,  
Her dreams have brought her—  
"Angel's food."

RITA.

[May 5, 1877.]

## A BELGIAN MUSICIAN ON INDIAN MUSIC.

The Rajah Sourindro Mohun Tagore is considered by his countrymen as the restorer of the long-neglected music of the Hindoos. Thanks to his initiative, a school of native music, organised on the model of our European conservatories and supported almost entirely at his expense, was opened at Calcutta, on the 3rd August, 1871. Among the interesting books forwarded to us are the second and the third annual report (1873-74 and 1874-75) on the progress made by the institution. From them we learn that, at the end of June, 1875, the school possessed 8 professors, all native, namely: 2 for the *Sitar*, 1 for the *Bahoolin*, or violin, 1 for the *Mrdunga* (an instrument of percussion used in accompaniments), 3 for singing, and 1 for the theory of music. At that period, 60 students, each paying a rupee a month, attended the institution. The prizes, as with us, consist of instruments and works of instruction. Very flattering accounts from Europeans, some of whom appear to be conversant with music, represent the institution as in a highly prosperous state. The following is a list of the important works offered to the Academy. Some are in English and others in Bengalee or Sanscrit.

1. *Hindu Music from various Authors*. Part 1, 12mo. Besides several dissertations, already known in Europe, by Capt. Willard, Sir William Jones, Messrs W. Ouseley, Patterson, Stafford, &c., the volume contains others signed Francis Gladwin, Col. P. T. French, Lieut.-Col. A. James Tod, A. Campbell, and Crawford. We find also in this part the English translation of a Persian work relating to the organisation of the musical establishment at the Court of the Great Mogul in the 17th century.

2. *Sangitta-Sāra-Sangrahās* (literally: *Musica Essentia Collectio*). Calcutta, 1875. Judging by the title and the index, this is a compilation of ancient treatises on music, published and annotated by the learned Rajah. The work is divided into six parts. The first treats of sounds (*nāda-adhyāyas*); the second, of modes (*rāga-adhyāyas*); the third, of concatenation of sounds and rhythms, that is to say, of composition (*prabandha-adhyāyas*); the fourth, of instruments (*vādyā-adhyāyas*); the fifth, of measure (*tāla-adhyāyas*); and the sixth, of dance (*nyṛtyā-adhyāyas*).

3. *Ekatana* (that is to say: *eka-tīna*, an expression corresponding exactly with the Latin: *aquitonus*) or the *Indian Concert*. 4to. This volume contains an abridgement of the Indian theory of music, followed by a short description of the instruments employed in native orchestras. It concludes with 17 *Rāgins*, or pieces of instrumental music in the Hindoo notation.

4. *Six principal Rāgas, with a brief view of Hindu Music*. Six celebrated melodies, preceded by a concise account in English of the Brahminical music of India. Calcutta, 1875, 4to. The introduction, 46 pages, placed at the beginning of the book, is a summary of the Hindoo theory, more sterling and more lucid than anything previously published on the same subject.

5. *Hindu Music*, a reprint of a polemical article which appeared in *The Hindoo Patriot* for the 7th November, 1874; 8vo. A parallel between native and European art, in which the author's aim is to bring out the qualities distinguishing the music of his own country. It is very interesting to find a man familiar with European languages and literature, so sincerely convinced of his countrymen's musical superiority over the nations of the West, and especially the English.

6. *Yantra khettra dīpikā* (literally: *A guide for playing Instruments*). Calcutta, 1872; 4to. A method for the *Sitar*, a five-stringed instrument, analogous to our mandoline, and played with a plectrum. This volume contains 94 exercises in the Hindoo notation.

7. *Mrdunga Manjuri*. Calcutta, 1873; 8vo. A treatise or method for teaching the *Mrdunga*, the most ancient and the most popular instrument of percussion in the cis-Ganges peninsula.

8. *Harmonium sūtra*. Calcutta, 1874. Method for the harmonium. It is somewhat astonishing to find that this is a volume entirely devoted to an essentially European instrument, but, with a few exceptions, the music it contains bears an Asiatic stamp.

9. *Yontra koshā* (that is to say: *Organorum Thesaurus*). Calcutta, 1875; 8vo. A treatise on musical instruments, not only those of India, but those of other nations, ancient and modern.

10. *Victoria Gitikā*. Calcutta, 1875; 8vo. A collection of 118 Sanscrit songs, relative to the principal facts in the history of

England, from the Norman Conquest to our own days. The poetry as well as the music is by the Rajah of Tagore. The same applies to the next work. The Hindoo notation is accompanied by a transcription in the European notation.

11. *Fifty Sanscrit Songs* (quatrains and distichs in honour of the Prince of Wales), 1875; 1 vol., 8vo.

12. *English Verses set to Hindu Music in honour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales* (34 pieces). Calcutta, 1875; 1 vol., 8vo. The volume is preceded by an elementary treatise on notation. Nothing can be more strange than this union of a European language with music completely foreign to our aesthetic taste.

13. *Jātiya sāngīta* (national music?). A dissertation on the national music of Bengal, with the notation of six native songs of the Presidency.—*Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Belgium*.

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## WAIFS.

Good musicians execute their music; bad ones murder it.

M. Lauwers, barytone, shortly makes his *début* at the Opera.

*Der Freischütz* has again appeared in the bills of the Grand Opera.

M. Duchesne's engagement at the Théâtre-Lyrique has been cancelled by mutual consent.

*El Silbido (The Whistle)* is the title of a humorous theatrical paper just published in Madrid.

It is reported by the American papers that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is shortly about to be married.

The death is announced of Mr J. B. Calvert, Professor of Elocution at Edinburgh, and father of Mr Talbot, the actor.

*La Marjolaine* will be performed at the Renaissance to the end of May, and will inaugurate the new season in September.

Herr Schubert has left for Paris, and will introduce to the amateurs in that city a quartet by his uncle, Ludwig Schubert.

Mdlle Marguerite Pommereul, a youthful violinist of high repute in the Salons de la Haute Société of Paris, has arrived in London.

*Le Roi de Lahore* has been produced at the Grand Opera. We reserve further details for our next number, as our Paris letter has not yet come to hand.

The Paris Opéra-Comique will close at the end of June and re-open on the 1st September. The novelties next season will, it is said, include a fresh work by M. Gounod.

The *Young Ladies' Journal* for May has abundant attractions—new music, new stories, new designs in embroidery and crocheted figures of the latest Paris Summer Fashions.

Mr Frederic Archer returns to his post as organist at the Alexandra Palace. His services are, however, not lost to the Westminster Aquarium, as he will hold both appointments.

The thirteenth *soirée musicale* of the Schubert Society took place on Wednesday, 2nd of May, on which occasion five artists made their first appearance in public. Particulars in our next.

The Intendant of the Vice-Regal Egyptian Theatres, Draneth Bey, has been raised by the Khedive to the rank of a Mirmiran (equivalent to that of a general of division) with the title of Pasha, and created an officer of the order of the Osmanie.

Signor Sonzogno has purchased the exclusive Italian right of M. Ch. Lecocq's *Marjolaine*, which will be first performed in Italy at the Teatro Nicolini, Florence. *La Petite Mariée*, by the same composer, has already been successful at Rome and Milan.

Two interesting artistic events have just occurred in Paris—the first representation of *Le Roi de Lahore*, a five-act opera by M. Massenet; and at the Comédie-Française the first performance of *Jean Dacier*, a Republican drama in verse, by M. Lomon.

It is seldom easy to see the hidden benefaction in what is an apparent infliction. An American, "confounding" the mosquito, was told by his pastor that "insects are made with a good end in view." "I can't see it, in view or not," replied the sufferer. "At any rate, I don't like the end I feel."

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* complains that, when married men play successfully at poker and the hour of midnight arrives, they always plead family duties and quit the game. But, if they are losers, they insist upon playing a little longer, as "it's only just in the shank of the evening."

Owing to the indisposition of Mdlle Zagury-Harris, Mdlle Zina Daliti undertook the part of the heroine in *Marta* at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris. Signor Nouvelli, a tenor, made his first appearance on the occasion, and was well received. Another tenor, Signor Gnōne, sang in *Rigoletto* a few evenings afterwards.

The Concert Committee of the "Concordia Journalistic and Literary Association," Vienna, presented Signor Luigi Arditi, on the 28th April, with a conducting stick and diamond pin, head in the form of a lyre, "as a small return for the admirable manner in which that gentleman has for three years officiated as conductor at their grand concerts." Signor Arditi returned his hearty thanks to the deputation, assuring them that he should always be delighted to do all in his power for the widows and orphans of Vienna journalists and literary men, who have so warm a heart for art.—*Fremden Blatt*.

It was only on the 29th ult. that the military bands began playing for the season in the public gardens of Paris. In consequence of the comparatively few bands of this description at present in the French capital, and the exigencies of the service, the arrangements hitherto adopted will, this year, be somewhat modified. The bands will be discontinued in the Place des Vosges and the Square Parmentier. The band of the Garde Républicaine will perform once a week in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and once a week in the Palais Royal. There will be only four concerts a week at the Tuilleries, on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and the same number in the Palais-Royal, on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. At the Luxembourg, a band will play on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays; at the Parc Monceau, Sundays; at Ranelagh (Passy), Sundays and Thursdays.

**ORGAN NEWS.**—Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley, Professor of Music in Edinburgh University, had the honour of playing, by command, on the organ in St George's Hall, Windsor Castle, on Saturday afternoon, before the Queen, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, the following selection of music:—

Prelude for organ (Brosig); Air, "But oh what art can reach, what human voice can teach the sacred organ's praise?" (Ode to St Cecilia's Day), Allegro, Organ Concerto, No. 2, and Choruses, "The Nightingale" (*Solomon*) and "Hail, Judaea, happy land" (*Judas Maccabaeus*) (Handel); Aria, "Mein Gläubiges Herz" (Bach); Chorus, "Ave Verum" (Mozart); Choral Song, "Evening and Morning," "Comes at times a voice of days departed" (sung at Edinburgh, Aug. 17, 1876), The "Edinburgh" March (dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh) (H. S. Oakeley).

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE.**—Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* has been made familiar through different versions produced from time to time, but never before has this famous opera bouffe been distinguished by so much scenic display as that which marks its revival at this house. The traditions of Leicester Square imperatively demand ballet as a prominent feature in every piece, and M. Justamant has succeeded in inventing dances which will help to maintain the reputation of the Alhambra. Besides the numerous *coryphées* in brilliant costumes, the performances of more than one *première danseuse* add much to the general attractions. *Orphée aux Enfers* stands in no need of detailed notice, but it may be added, the libretto is admirably translated by Mr H. S. Leigh. The cast includes Miss K. Munroe (Eurydice), Miss A. Newton (Diana), Mr G. Loredan (Orpheus), Mr H. Paulton (Jupiter), and Mr W. H. Woodfield (Pluto). The orchestra, under M. Jacobi, contributes materially to the general success. The scenery, by Mr A. Calcott, is picturesque, and the *mise-en-scène* all that could be desired.

A decision by the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved will go far to "eclipse the gaiety" of skating rinks. The court have decided that rinking to the strains of a musical band is illegal, except in an establishment provided with a music licence under the 25 Geo. II. c. 36. The question arose upon the conviction under the statute of the proprietor of a rink in the Blackfriars Road, the jury having found the defendant guilty of "keeping a place for music and dancing," and also of keeping "a place for public entertainment of a like kind." For the appellant it was argued that rinking was not dancing, and that the music, to be within the Act, must be an independent entertainment, while here it was merely subsidiary to the skating. It was admitted that the music was not "necessary" to the skating, and that it added to the attractions of the place. The court upheld the conviction, though on different grounds. The Lord Chief Justice thought the jury was wrong in convicting defendant for keeping a place for "music and dancing," as it implied that skating was "dancing;" and that they ought to have convicted him for giving musical performances without a licence. The judges were agreed that to keep a skating rink is to keep a place for "public entertainment of a like kind" with dancing, and on that ground alone the conviction would stand good. The Lord Chief Justice thought a skating rink "open to all the mischief at which the statute was aimed," being "open at night to both sexes with all the attractions of music." More than one metropolitan skating rink is a casino; and, but for the restrictions of licensing, there would be nothing to prevent proprietors from using them as such.

**EXETER HALL.**—Mr Mitchell, clerk in the Houses of Parliament, was examined on Thursday before the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the best means of protecting life and property in the metropolis from fire. Speaking of Exeter Hall, as one of the directors and managers of the Sacred Harmonic Society, he declared that there was no building in London in which the arrangements for the escape of the audience in the event of fire were so defective. The means of exit were only two—viz., the principal one leading to the Strand, and another by a low doorway into Exeter Street. He had made suggestions for the provision of additional means, but to no purpose, although he was sure it would not take more than a month to make the necessary alterations. There had never been a panic there, although on one occasion, during a great fire in Savoy Street when there were 2,700 people in the hall, they were close upon it. The panic was avoided by allowing no one to enter the hall until the end of the concert. Mr Mitchell further stated that it took from ten to fifteen minutes to clear Exeter Hall after a concert, and that in the event of a panic in the middle of the evening the loss of life would be immense. The arrangements at Albert Hall were good, there being no fewer than twenty-two exits.

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